

FIFTH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

A COLLECTION OF THE BEST HELP! PICTURE STORIES 1960, 1961, 1962, 1963 & 1964



LETTERS

In our last issue we ran a piece called *The Golden Book Of God* in our Cartoon Gallery out of a west coast college magazine. So violent and overwhelming was the mail response, we are devoting three times the space we usually do for letters.—eds.

I recently read your *HELP!* magazine for the first and last time. Your article on the First Golden Book Of God by Joel Siegel is absolutely horrible.

Whatever possessed you people even to consider putting such a rotten story in your book? It wasn't funny at all and made me sick to my stomach.

I will never read another *HELP!* magazine as long as I live. Not only I but many more because of this sacrilegious article. May you all burn in hell and I hope you get yourselves into great financial trouble. You people are mentally unacceptable.

Mike Kobilarski
Ada, Ohio

Recently your magazine, (if such trash can be called by that term), came into my home by accident. After paging through it, I was quite shocked by its contents.

How a staff of so called intelligent people, could put on paper, such immoral and sacrilegious articles as found in your publication, is a mystery to me.

With such trash in circulation, there is no need to look any further why some of our children have the misguided ideas of God, country, and morals that they do.

Believe me when I say I shall do everything in my power to rid the newsstands of magazines such as yours.

Mrs. A. J. Riccio
York, Pa.

I have read your latest article by Joel Siegel. I think that this article was a disgrace to God. To me, this man is an atheist and is against God. When I was small, I used to think that only Communists were against God, but when I read this it shocked me. I think this was the worst article you have ever published in the magazine.

Terry Muny
Phoenix, Arizona

Enclosed is a recent article from our daily newspaper, bringing to our attention the tripe being peddled to our youngsters, under your *HELP!* magazine cover. Well, Mr. Fifer just reported what he read, and the citizens of this community took it from there. While we echo his opinion of your article, we would like to elaborate on it some; it stinks, is nauseating, and could only have come from a sick mind. Action has been taken, to see that this is the last such article you print.

We hold our God sacred, and will allow no one to do such as you have done. It is shameful that persons living in this beautiful country, take advantage of certain rights, as you have. (The freedom of the press.) The distributors of *HELP!* here in our area, (Strong News) have taken the magazine off the racks, and Hearst is being notified of your sick story. Letters have been sent to Congressmen and Senators, protesting

In the Feb. edition of your *HELP!* magazine there is a writing of trash beginning on page 38 that anyone should be ashamed to have printed in their magazines. I can tell by reading a part of it that whoever put it there is not a child of God. That is nothing but mockery to our Heavenly Father and I know God doesn't approve of anyone making fun of His word.

I hope that you will ask God for forgiveness and will be saved before you meet Him in Judgment.

I am a Baptist Minister and Pastor of Memorial Baptist Church here in Rush. I plan to see what can be done about printing such as this and placing it where our children can read it.

I pray that you will accept the God that you have made fun of in this issue.

Don Copeland
Rusk, Texas



Orien Fifer Jr.
Disrespect to God
Is Hardly 'Comic'

LIKE MOST other youngsters, I don't know about God in the least.

I read *HELP!* School, church and Broadcast League, and still managed to get into lots of trouble on the side. But I never lost my reverence for things religious, even though I may be an atheist backslacker as of now.

You don't expect respect and reverence in the society of radio stations and emcees with all the coarse paper. Do you still believe with reverent awe of all those morals we were taught in grade school?

There's a little atheist against paragraphs, and millions of words have been printed in print and radio. No one is surprised by the underhanded methods of atheist morale workers.

I read something the other day that got me back on my knees. It was in *HELP!* School. It was discovered in God and yet it is. It's a package deal to that weatly portray God's beauty, operating perfectly in India.

IT WAS A costly book available throughout Phoenix, and I presume in every other city in the land.

Page 38, "My First Golden Book Of God."

Below was a cartoon of God. He was long-armed, with a long upper arm and a beak-like mouth. He had his fist clenched in the back of his neck. He carried these kinds of lightning in one hand.

I read something interesting. There were writings, "Nothing is better, nothing," the text said, "And there God said, 'Let there be light!'"

And there was light. And then God took two sticks and rubbed them together.

Look at the sticks. Bob, God said.

And God said light and he looked at it and said, "This is good."

God was concealed, concealed, concealed, . . ."

If you can stomach a few more lines of this tripe, you'll find that God said, "Bob,"

"Thank God, Bob. God,"

"God found something he likes better when evening comes."

Bob, God said, "Bob, it's a nice one to tell. Either you're a patriotic . . ."

I'm sorry to say I read 200 pages for this book. The last of the book had been sick several days, and added for some reason, the last few pages of this one were fine; more trashy, and it was just as bad as the rest of the book. I stopped through it, then turned it on his bed.

"Bob," he said later, "What do you think of this?"

"I like it," I replied, "copied out the pages which from the shape that was, was good, and said,

"It stinks."

And that's my two-word reply to those who published it.

Mr. Fifer Reports

publications such as yours, and Simon and Schuster, publishers of the beautiful "Golden Books," have been notified of your abuse of their book title on your trash.

Be very careful in the future, if you should have one, to think hard before printing something that hits at the American people. You may want to be part of us someday.

Phoenix Citizens
Against *HELP!*

Scum: I wouldn't call such trash as you must be (Sir), anyone that would stoop so low as to make up such poetry as you printed in the Feb. issue of *HELP!* magazine on page 38-39 and 40. All I can say is you surely need help. I've always bought your book but you can be sure we've bought the last one. I'm sending the book to Washington, there are surely laws against such trash as you put out. I'll also write some articles for a newspaper on it. You can rest assured it won't end here.

And may your soul rot in hell for it.

Geo. A. Rogers
Ft. Walton Beach, Fla.

I have just read your February issue of *HELP!* I think that the article mocking God is most disgusting. In today's world there are enough things to criticize that need criticism. That article seems like something that could be found in Russia, but never in the U.S. By the way, why don't you change your magazine's name to what it really is: *PRAVDA II*. A disgusted reader.
(but not your reader anymore).

Several people have called attention to your magazine. They have found it strikingly blasphemous and I must agree. When publishers must degrade, debase and defile the Sacred Scriptures, as *HELP!* does repeatedly, they should find other outlets. There are possibly such people who appreciate satire of God's word, but I wonder. *HELP!* shall not be exposed on our magazine stand until there is a major overhaul in its content.

Edwin F. Comerford
Chicago, Ill.

You, together with many millions of people throughout the world today, must sometimes pause and wonder how this world of ours has become so mixed up, sick and weary. I cannot speak for you, but for myself I may say that the situation has suddenly become somewhat clarified.

I have, mainly because of the rather cute cover picture, just purchased my first, and I assure you my last, copy of your *HELP!* magazine. While I will not flatter you by placing the entire responsibility for the ugly world conditions of today upon your magazine, I may say that it has certainly "HELPED" if you will pardon the pun.

When our sense of humor becomes so glutted that we must fall back on Almighty God as the butt of our jokes we are indeed living in a sad world. I am returning your magazine in the condition in which I feel it should be kept in the future.

M. F. Chauncey
Newfoundland, Canada

(Issue ripped to pieces) — eds.

The use of satire is a fine and wonderful thing and only in America can it be used to its fullest extent. Satire has been used as a tool in conveying messages to the public in subtle ways. It has been used as a moralistic weapon and it has been used as pure comedy. What Mr. Siegel in "My First Golden Book Of God," (HELP! Feb., pp. 38-40) attempts to do, or what message he tries to convey, is beyond me.

I consider myself fairly open-minded and do not make false accusations for the sake of doing so. In "My First Golden Book Of God" an open declaration against Christianity seems to be made. Perhaps the author, the editor, or the publisher see this as pure nonsense written for the sake of pleasure.

There are many things people can be kidded about: their homes, their jobs, and even their families, but when a religion is torn apart and made to seem idiotic it is too much. If it were done in a scientific or academic way it could be overlooked. Somehow I sense a series of this sort coming. What will be next; denunciation of nationalities or creeds? Or will it be an escapade into the realm of "what I believe is right and what you believe is wrong?"

It is true that every minority group can't be appeased, but it is also true that they should not be ridiculed for their beliefs. A nation is made strong by its citizens who are as varied as is the rainbow. Its strength is destroyed when its citizens become antagonistic toward one another and cannot respect each others rights.

Believe me, I'm not condemning this piece, for each man is free to write what he pleases. What concerns me is what was intended by Mr. Siegel and what the philosophy behind the piece is.

Paul Purins
Youngstown, Ohio

After reading the February issue of HELP!, I have decided that NO OTHER magazine or group of people could sink to a LOWER ebb of FILTH AND SACREDLESSNESS than yours did. The editors must be scraping the bottom of the barrel to have enough nerve to poke fun at the very Deity which created them. Their minds must be twisted to the Nth degree.

I now truly believe that you are an atheistic and COMMUNIST inspired piece of junk, and that you are deliberately trying to poison the minds of future generations of Americans by trying to turn them from their basic belief in God. This is the method of the Communist pigs — This is your method — You are Communist pigs.

I suppose that you realize that the printing of such material is going to hurt or kill your business (I HOPE IT DOES) and I am going to do all within my power to aid it.

Larry M. Wilson
Greenville, Texas

It has been a long time since I have seen anything as thoroughly disgusting as the article entitled "The Golden Book Of God" in the latest issue of your publication.

We, as a nation, are committed to a belief in God and it is only through the strengthening of this belief that we as a nation will maintain our freedom.

One can never fully realize the extent to which portions of our society have degenerated until he comes across such an utterly repulsive piece of trash.

Have you no respect at all for the beliefs which most of your readers hold sacred? Have you no values beyond those of "freedom of the press?" Is there at last nothing which is safe from your miserable attempts at humor?

Peter A. Boyboll
Gainesville, Fla.

If there was ever a man that needed HELP! it's Joel Siegel. He has certainly lost God and I'm sure he'll be with that world of his burning if he doesn't ask forgiveness.

His article "My First Golden Book Of God" in your Feb. issue was such a shock, and I just couldn't grasp any magazine publishing same.

God forgive you all.
Rachel Black
Tucumcari, New Mexico

Last Sunday while visiting the Kane County Jail at Geneva, Illinois, with a Gospel Team, your magazine was handed to me by a girl inmate.

I was shocked to say the least that intelligent (?) men in this country would publish such a filthy magazine. How

anyone could write such an article as "My First Golden Book Of God" must have quite a distorted mind... in fact he must have no knowledge of our wonderful God and Saviour.

I feel sorry for you and all associated with you in the making up of this sordid magazine for the Lord God hath said, "And it is appointed unto men once to die — but after that the judgment." Hebrews 9:27



Not in money —

Joe Gould, the American millionaire, had an enormous fortune. When dying, he said, "I suppose I am the next millionaire man on earth."

Not in pleasure —

Lord Byron lived a life of pleasure and sin. He wrote: "The more the center and graft are nerved alone."

Not in military glory —

Alexander the Great conquered the world in his day. Then he wrote, "There are no more worlds to conquer."

Not in political power —

William T. Powell became the highest boss of Tammany Hall and ruled New York City. He said: "My life has been a failure in everything."

Not in unbelief —

Voltaire was an infidel of the most pronounced type. He wrote: "I wish I had never been born."

Not in position and fame —

Lord Beaconsfield enjoyed more than three of his life. He wrote: "Fame is a mistake, marked a struggle, old age a regret."

Gospel Tracts

Am enclosing some gospel tracts that I hope you will read — inspiring and uplifting literature.
Mrs. Ora White
Aurora, Ill.

From the viewpoint of a ministerial major whose main occupation is the development of a factual sense of values and keen moral perception, your January issue presented something that was a real satisfaction to me: specifically, the "Surfside Story."

Why? Not simply because the composition of "surfside story," in all its aspects (photography, plot, script, dramatics, humor, etc.) was uniformly superior, but because the creators, though they probably were not aware of it, achieved a complete and (for this type of magazine) almost unprecedented breakthrough in nobility of all over end effect, humor included. Almost, to spite the fact that the heroine was both attractive and nominally attired, and though there was an element of tenderly ridiculous romance involved, the sequence had a freedom from what must surely by now be a wearying underlying sex preoccupation in motive, purpose, and ultimate objective. Instead of being played up as an appeal in themselves, the girl's costume and aesthetic endowment were deprived of even off-shade significance and were subjected in importance until they came into their true perspective and assumed their solidly legitimate role in the story.

The consistency of the story's unquestionable quality made it "as refreshing as a bouquet of freshly-crushed mint" to read, while the unsullied play and counter-play of on-the-cuff human needs combined with rich humor left the reader with a merry mind and a sympathetic heart harboring no base residue, for once. Thank you for qualifying as NOT run-of-the-mill and lifting our heads above the clouds this time.

Unfortunately, I cannot say the same for your entry, "My First Golden Book Of God." The attitudes underlying and expressed in this submission are secondarily blasphemous; primarily, they are based on either pathetic ignorance or lethal unbelief of eternal facts which cannot and do not cease to exist because they are ignored by men whose minds are too puny to comprehend them. Such irrational refusal to face absolute realities produces a pristine misguidance which has not but to end ultimately in the most abject, profound, and irreparable disillusionment.

Kimberly P. Silver
College Place, Washington

I have your 1964, February issue of HELP! before me now. I must say I am shocked at it. I have always enjoyed reading your magazine. But after this I am not so sure. I am referring to the article called "My First Golden Book Of God." When I first saw the title I thought it

should be interesting, but when I read it I found a mockery of God and the Holy Bible.

Now I am sure you realize that a great many children read your book. Do you really feel this good for them to read? Are you trying to teach them to laugh and make fun of God? I would honestly like to know why you would print such an article?

Could you tell me if your staff is made up of "atheists" or "reds"? I think that people who would write such an article should see a *Physiologist*.

I would appreciate an answer. If you can find the time.

Mrs. Shirley Cain
Sissimmee, Fla.

Your "My First Golden Book Of God" was superb! But you have my sympathies for the many letters you're going to get from the very people at whom the article was aimed. The article was much too subtle for rightists for whom everything must be *Dick & Jane Style*—not only in form, but in logical construction, too.

I say these things in light of the letters which appeared in the same magazine. From these it's pretty evident that a large portion of your readers are (a) either incapable of thinking or (b) refuse to try it. God save us from the people who are "saving" our morals and country.

Deanne Prinz
Baltimore, Md.

Just had to let you know I thought Joel Siegel's "First Golden Book Of God" was great satire!

Please disregard any letters of criticism from your irate Christian readers as they are notoriously bad sports!

Ludlow Mahan Jr.
President
R.I. Humanist Assn.
Providence, R.I.

Congratulations on *HELP!* #20. I usually don't feel impelled to write to editors, but this time I feel I must comment. I know you're going to be snowed under with letters protesting "The First Golden Book Of God." However, you can count on my future support of your fine magazine. Joel Siegel has written a great piece of satire; here at last is a magazine with writers that know no sacred cows.

Walker Martin

As a senior in college, an honor student (3.91 grade average), a married veteran, and owner of every issue of MAD, TRUMP, HUMBUG, AND *HELP!* (except #1), I feel fully qualified in stating unequivocally, that "The Golden Book Of God" was the greatest thing you've ever had in print. Fabulous!

For God's sake don't listen to all of the narrow minded, petty, bigots who'll swamp you with complaints because they

don't understand the point! (As a published author of both poems and short stories . . . naturally I'm a pre-law major? . . . I know this happens.) Don't listen to 'em!

Tony Hyman
San Jose, Calif.

I am sure that you will receive few notes of pleasure with or encouragement of your article "My First Golden Book Of God" in your February issue of *HELP!*, but for my part, I consider it perfectly delightful, and for that matter, long overdue. Americans in general often feel that religion, God, and Jesus Christ are hallowed ground into which no satirist's pen should ever lurk. Please do not think that I am an anti-religious fanatic because I am far from that area. I am simply being truly sensible for once in my life—realistic too.

The article on "The Great Washington March" by Mr. Alverson was also well done.

Congratulate author Siegel and cartoonist Hinton of "God" for me. You may lose some of your following through articles like this, but since you haven't significantly altered your format since your inception, I expect that most of those who, for one reason or another, didn't like what they saw at the beginning have gotten up and left already anyway.

Keep it up.

David C. Stott
Laramie, Wyoming

I was glad to see the story "My First Golden Book Of God" in the last issue; it is a very funny and intelligent story, and I really enjoyed it. You will receive a lot of letters from "good" people criticizing you for making fun of the Bible and God, but I hope it won't effect your future issues. I am sure many of the God-fearing people laughed at your article about the march on Washington, which to many people is just as serious as religion; also, I don't think you would have gotten many letters if you joked about Mohammed for example; if you had a cutting article about atheists, you might even have been complimented. This country (U.S.A.) was founded on religion, but it was also founded on the principle of freedom of speech, press, and religion (see the Constitution, Amendment 1). In the Middle Ages the church was criticized for preventing the development of science and clear thinking; wouldn't it be the same if the religious people told what should be printed and not?

Keep up the good work, and God bless you!

Mats Lindqvist
Karlstad, Sweden

I picked up your February edition a couple of weeks ago, and have been meaning to write you ever since. I quite enjoyed the entire magazine as usual, although I thought

the Fumetti wasn't quite as good as some of the others you have done.

However, the main reason I am sending this letter is to congratulate you on your courage in printing "My First Golden Book Of God." I wonder how many of your readers who send in letters denouncing you as heathens, heretics, and/or communists will realize that it wasn't a mockery of God at all, but a damn good blow to the solar plexus of people who try to shape the image of God to suit their own ends.

Anyway, I don't imagine you will receive too much approval except perhaps from a few atheists, so please accept congratulations from both me and my wife. Incidentally, neither of us are atheists. Good luck from a long time reader.

Howard W. Neighbor
Prince George, B.C. Canada

I have never seen *HELP!* before, but it is obviously an example of two of the qualities that make the United States worth believing in: the inclination to criticize anything and everything and the freedom to do so. Both these qualities are disappearing frighteningly fast, and so it is especially heartening to see this publication.

"The First Golden Book Of God" was beautifully and delightfully done, although I am afraid *HELP!* will soon become extinct because of it. It was a satirization of powerful forces that cannot stand to be smiled at. I am an agnostic, but I would like to think that, if I were a Christian, I would be liberal enough not to censor it.

Even though I disagree with Janice May Edmonson, who thought that if your cartoon in last month's issue was a satire on Christ, it should be censored, I sincerely respect her for her calm, rational approach in a day when that approach seems to have gone out of style. She did not threaten never to buy *HELP!* again, and she even apologized if she was mistaken.

Janet Grace Fox
Tacoma, Wash.

In reference to your last issue with those "degrading" pictures of Pismo Beach, we, the "Executive Board of the Pismo Beach Playboy Club" would like to object. We would like a public apology printed in your magazine. If an apology does not appear in your magazine, we will be forced to take action.

The Executive Board of the "Pismo Beach Playboy Club"
Richard Fegel—President
Bill Wunder—Vice President
Joe Borowka—Acting Secy.
Walt Hazelton—Treas.
Bill Garbera—Legal Advisor
Pismo Beach, Calif.

Just a line to say what a great magazine that *HELP!* is yours. It is really better than a pint of bitter to thumb through the

pages of that cerebral humour.

Also to include the following cut. Was the ship named after your magazine I wonder, or the other way round?

John Wilson
Banbury, Oxon, Great Britain



"Named After *HELP!*"

For your information:

Page 22—THE HUNTSVILLE TIMES—Wednesday, Jan. 1, 1964



What's
Help?

Andy sends a complete, 28-page book to anyone who sends 50 cents. Write to Ask Andy, 34 E. 10th Street, New York 3, N.Y. for free question.

21 grows in the sea like a needle forest of banana rags.

Marvin Cooper
Huntsville, Alabama

Please address all mail to
HELP! letters, Department 21,
527 Madison Ave., N.Y. 22, N.Y.

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1932, AS AMENDED BY THE ACT OF JUNE 25, 1948, AND THE ACT OF JUNE 24, 1960 (74 STATE, 2000) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION OF *Help!* Published quarterly at Philadelphia, Pa., for October 1, 1963.

The owner is: The publisher, editor or publisher and editor: Marvin Cooper, 1426 E. Washington Lane, Philadelphia, Pa. 19122.

The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be given; if not, the name and address of the individual or individuals must be given.) If not owned by a corporation, the name and address of the individual owner must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, the name of the firm and the names and addresses of each individual member, must be given. Help Publishing Co., 1426 E. Washington Lane, Philadelphia, Pa. 19122.

The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of the total amount of bonds, debentures, or other securities are: NONE.

Paragraphs 2 and 3 income, in cash or kind, from the sale of *Help!* by the holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary capacity, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting is also the statement in this place. It is also the statement in this place that the person or corporation named as trustee does not act in any other capacity in respect of this issue of *Help!* than that of a bona fide owner.

Each of the 2000 copies of each of this publication sold or distributed through the mail or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above, was 10 cents. The postage is required by the act of June 11, 1960 to be included in all statements regarding frequency. (146,002. James Warren, Publisher.)

Help! presents...
TOM POSTON,
star of the Broadway musical,
"The Conquering Hero,"
and Sylvia Miles,
sex bomb of off-Broadway,
in...

How's about
letting me take you
to lunch, Miss Fritch...
I mean, Elsie...

Baby, it's Occult Outside

by
Ed Fisher

High above the city, inside of a hundred egg-crate offices subdivided into a thousand cubicles, a thousand different dramas daily take place. This, then, is such a drama...

Gosh,
Jimmy boy
I'd like to, but
I'm swamped
with work.

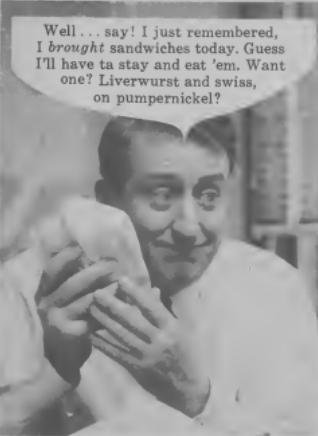




A quick sandwich...
just the two of us together —
at Whalen's?...



Oh, no... I'd
better just order some-
thing sent up.



Well... say! I just remembered,
I brought sandwiches today. Guess
I'll have ta stay and eat 'em. Want
one? Liverwurst and swiss,
on pumpernickel?



God,
no!... The
calories!



—chopped egg
on white toast. No
mayonnaise. Black
coffee...



Share
half a
banana?



Banana too, yet? How can
you swallow all that starch?
—Before I hang up, you want
anything to drink?



Ask
him to
send us up
a chocolate
malted.



Gees!
Haven't you any
nutritional self
control? You'll be a
tub in ten years.



I resent
that... Make
it coffee.



Two
black
coffees,
Joe.

I happen to have as much self control as anybody. I happen to have a pretty near iron will! In fact, I'm studying telekinesis!



Theoretically, I could make this banana peel *itself* ... just by sitting here and concentrating on it.



How about practically? Ever had any luck?

Telekinesis?
What's that?



It's not a matter of luck. It's a matter of focusing your will, and really wanting it to happen. That's the hard part, actually ... sometimes your subconscious works against you. *Telekinesis* only succeeds when your whole mind REALLY wants the thing to happen!



I—I—
Okay, I
will!

Now I'm going to concentrate like crazy ... give it the old school try!



Atta boy,
Jimmie boy.

The science of pushing physical objects around by sheer will—power. Like telepathy—Only it acts on things—The basis was laid down by Dr. Rhone at Dyke U.

You
don't
say.



So that's the escape clause, eh?—the gimmick that explains why it never works. Well I REALLY want it to happen. Let's see you do it.





Peel...
Peel...

...Peel!... Don't forget, there are mental layers of resistance... I think I want this to happen...

...but there might be some deeper wish, something I'm not consciously aware of, that wants something else!

Never mind the excuses, I'm still waiting to see the results.

Peel!
...PEEL!
...PEEL!

You know...
there may be
something to this.
I got a funny
feeling...

...like
goose-
flesh
all
over!

There!
I think it
almost moved!
I think... Peel,
damn you,
peel!

You're
right on
the verge! I
know it! I
feel it! Go,
Jimmie, go!

Uggghhh!
Too much!
I cracked.
I let go.

Yeh. All
of a sudden
that goose-fleshy
feeling is gone
too.

But you ALMOST
had it! If only you
hadn't stopped.

I know. I
guess my
subconscious
really
wanted ...

...
something
else.

Don't be a quitter. Try
again. See if you can pick
it up where you left off. Then
go on to the finish!



And this time, I'll help.
You'll see what a difference a
woman's help makes, when it comes
to a matter of will power.

Typical fem-
inine superiority
remark—Okay.



PEEL!—say,
you're right! I
have hit full power.
Almost instantly!

Of
course.



With a *real* will behind you—a
WOMAN'S will—what'd you expect?

Now wait a minute
Elsie—PEEL!—It's *my*
will that's doing this . . .



—Peel!
—It's what
I want to
happen,
remember
that.

Nonsense. Men
always need a woman
behind them, guiding
them. That's the basis of
marriage: protection,
responsibility . . .



... you think it's an idle romance?
Hal!—You're in for a surprise, bud.
Hey, c'mon, put some drive into
this telekenizing. Your
voltage is dropping!

Peel—
I'm trying,
dammit—
peel—

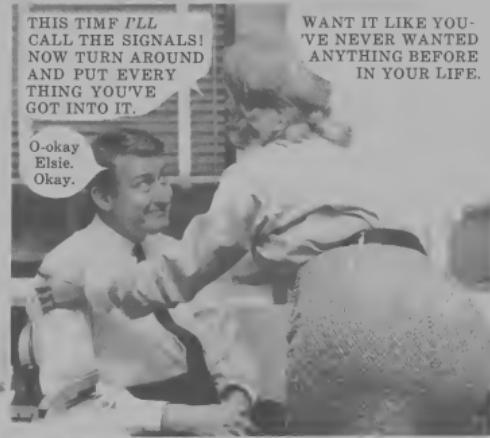


... trying
my damnd-
est. Just
for you,
too.

—peel
—peel

—peel
...

Isn't
that like a
male for
you.





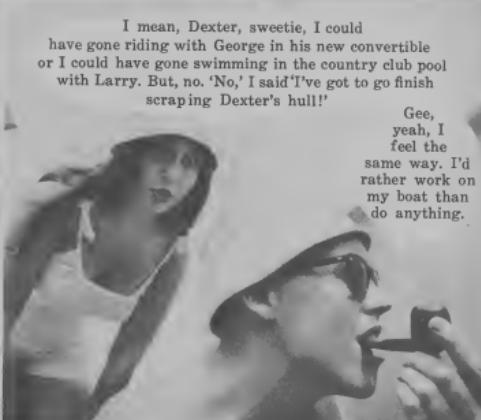
THE MARINERS

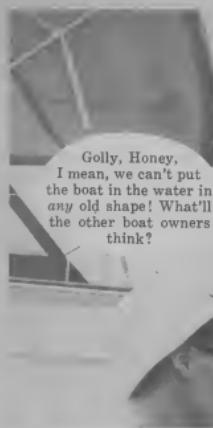
by Algis Budrys Photography by Ron Rojas

THE CREW Mortimer Money — Paul Glaser Cloris — Lydia Wilen
Dexter — Don Edwing Boat Bum — Russ Heath

Boat weather. The sun glistens on languid, inviting waterways. The tang of salt is in the warm sea-wind, promising adventure, promising romance, promising anything. Boat weather. And from a zillion boat-yards comes the clonk of the calking mallet and the rasp of winter-stiffened paint brushes. Once again, the some-time mariners are preparing to go down to the sea — just as soon as possible . . .







thinks?



I don't believe we've been introduced.

I own this little runabout. I couldn't help overhearing your little altercation with your young man. Won't you come aboard for a little drink? My name is Mortimer Money.



Psst!
A little refreshment, my dear?



The
Mortimer
Money?



Oh, my, these are good on a hot day like this.

Yes, they certainly are. Would you like another, my dear? I learned how to make them this way on my last little jaunt to Bimini.



Well,
yes, since
you ask.
Won't you
sit down
and be
comfortable?

Oh, do you often go on long cruises in this boat? It certainly does look luxurious.

Oh, she's a comfortable little tub, yes. Now and then I take her here and there.



Oh, I've
always
dreamed
of just
sailing
away like
that. The
lure of
faraway
places.

Dusk
in tropical
waters and
a full moon
rising on the
rim of the
ocean.

Yes.

The
sudden
cleansing
exhilaration
of a rain
squall . . .

. . . and
then the
glorious
emergence
of the
sun!

Yes.

Flitting
from island
to island
devil may
care . . .

Yes.

The Mor-
timer Money
and me, here
on your
boat.

And just a
little while ago I
was helping poor old
Dexter Arm-
strong scape
his hull.

And now
it's all
different.
It's like
magic.

Oh
yes . . .
Yes,
indeed!

All
my life
I've wanted
the magic.

All
my life
I've been
waiting ...



... like
an en-
chanted
princess!



Waiting
... waiting
for the evil
spell to
break!



Dreaming of
enchanted isles like jewels
in the silver sea.

Dammit!
Hold still!



How soon do you think you can get this boat in the water?

Well, as
a matter
of fact, she
needs a little
spot-painting
and varnishing
here and there.
Nothing much, you
understand. Why,
the two of us could
get it done in
practically no
time ...

A
weekend or
two ...

Four
flusher!





Hello,
Dexter.



I've
come back,
Sweetie.

Huh! Did you go
someplace?



You mean
to say you
haven't finished
up your side
of the
hull yet?



Beautifully
done, my
dear.



Won't you accept this
peace offering? I'm sure
this misunderstanding
between us can be



... cleared
... oop!



Afloat
and away
at last.

Mmm!
Delicious!
What is it, you
sweet thing?

Home brew. And
go easy on it, will ya?
It's gonna be your turn
to row in a little
while.



KISSIES

an exclusive date collection
with charming young stars
from CA World





TURN THE PAGE!

—unless
you
fail to
follow instructions
you will
experience a
Help
Kissie—
(except
if you're
a
girl.)





Karate! Mysterious Oriental art of attack and self-defense . . . used by J.D.'s who want to perfect their techniques in mugging . . . studied by white collar workers in case they meet J.D.'s . . . useful for breaking strangle-holds, arm-locks . . . or even dull parties, like this one depicted in . . .

THE KARATE LESSON

Anybody like another drink? How about you Suzy?

No thanks, it's getting late.

Why, it's only nine-thirty!

. . . speaking of the German Blitzkrieg, reminds me of another story . . . India . . . Viceroy decided to open the mansion to some of the troops . . . war on, and all that, y'know . . .

rap
rap

Think
I heard
someone
at the
door.

Oh,
that must
be Sascha.
He said he'd
try to come if
his plane was
on time . . .

. . . invite a
few of the lads up
to Government House
for a spot of tennis . . . the
right sort, of course . . .
left that up to me . . .



We did the Brahms Double
Concerto for Violin and Piano

Sascha, I'd like you to
meet some of our friends . . .
Suzy Van Heppenstahl—you've
seen her in *Vogue* . . . Tony
Franklin, he's handling the
Whitehall Filtertips
account . . .



Funny
about
old
Billy . . .

Oh, Sascha, how
wonderful! How
was the concert?

Let's
bug
out.
We
can't . . .
it's so
early . . .

. . . nipped around to
talk it over with Bunny
Goucher . . . he was Base C.O.
at the time . . . Major . . . Frightfully
decent chap . . . Cambridge and all
that . . . used to know his father,
old Billy Goucher . . .



And this is Colonel Winston
Melton-Mowbray Porterfield, III . . .
but we call him "Poopsie".



Say
you've
got a head-
ache!

I say
what?



But that's not all you do, Sascha . . . tell them about it!

Oh, I don't think . . .

Oh, yes—do!

Out with it, boy!



. . . at Sandhurst together, they used to say, "Put a service rifle in Billy Goucher's hands and he couldn't hit the broad side of an elephant . . .



Yes, at night I'm a concert violinist, but by day I teach Karate at the Sascha Vogelbind School of Self-Defense.

How fascinating! Show us how it's done!

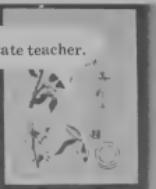


. . . But *plucky*—game's not the word for Billy in those days . . .



Well, I'm also a Karate teacher.

A Karate teacher!



. . . Shows you how wrong they were! . . .



Oh, I don't think I could do that here . . .

Well, give us a demonstration, then—like these Karate guys are always breaking boards with their bare hands . . .



Never forget the time we were playing for the India Cup against Her Majesty's 14th Darjeeling Lancers . . .



Well, I'd need some
bricks to make sort of
an anvil.

How about
books? . . .

Then
you put
something
across
and—
Wham!—
you break
it!

. . . Don't
know if
you follow
polo,
but the
Darjeeling
Lancers
were some-
thing to
fear on
a polo
field . . .

But
what'll
I
break
?

. . . dark little
chaps with a
positively murder-
ous instinct for
the game . . .
Mmm, yes!

How
about
this
?

Oh, no—
not that!

. . . chase
you all over
the field with
those polo mal-
lets swinging
and clock you
right on the
head! . . .

Hasn't anyone
got something
Sascha can
break?

Here.

A
bana-
na?

Pre-
cise-
ly.

Well, I
mean . . . I've
never broken a
banana—it would
n't be a fair
contest.

Oh, go ahead! At least you
can show us how it's done.

Of course the war
put a stop to all that . . .
put a stop to a lot of things,
when you think of it . . .

Well—
okay . . .
Here
goes!





Speaking of sports—

Let's see you break this hold!

I was in one of your sporting goods stores just the other day . . .

Ran-dolf!

... forget the name of it—

You forgot your self!

Abernathy & Fitch . . . something like that . . . doesn't matter . . . point is, I wanted a . . . mallet . . .

You mustn't mind Randolph—it's his age.

... Point is, I wanted a mallet and the chap tried to sell me a croquet set! . . . But I digress . . .

Haven't had such fun since our honey moon!

Watch out below!

Go ahead, somebody—choke me!





I can
lick any
man in
the house.

Do you
see what
I see?

GET HIM!



And then when
you had me in that
hammerlock . . .!

Call me
Mavis, Tony
—I feel like
we've known each
other for
years.

I looked
up and there
was Mavis sail-
ing through the
air on her
back . . .!

Honestly,
Suzy—have
we ever had
such a
ball?

Speaking
of balls, I
am reminded of
the occasion when
the Duchess shot
the tiger . . .



What could be more appropriate, in this month of birds and flowers, than a tale of a man with a maid?

And if the man is dynamic and successful, how instructive to watch him! Observe his single-minded concentration as he goes after . . .

THE JACKPOT
by
Algis Budrys

with
HENNY YOUNGMAN
as
Mr.
Buckster,

Laurie Mathews
as his secretary
and
Robert Mertz as
the clerk.

Photo
graphed by
Ron Rojas
in Lord's
Coffee
Shop.

Ooh, Mr. Buckster!
What a nice dinner
that was!
And those drinks! Ooh!
And the service!

Start the evening right,
I always say. You've got to
be careful about details. Bought
that place this afternoon.
Capital gains, you know . . .
heh, heh . . . my dear.

Oh, Mr. Buckster! I
can't believe
just yesterday
I was going
bowling with the
other girls in the
steno pool! And now
tonight you're
taking me to the
theater . . . and
everything!

And a light snack
afterward, eh, my dear?
And then up to my place for
some gin rummy. And drinks
heh, heh . . . my dear?

Now for a taxi . . . Don't want to miss
the first curtain, do we? Eh, just a moment,
my dear — I seem to be out of cigarettes.
That store — I'll just pop in there for
a moment, if you don't mind waiting?

I'll be
right here!
Don't be
too long!

Crushproof
box of Gaspers.
Yes, sir. And your
change, sir. Thank
you, sir.

Thanks.
Say — is this
a pinball
machine?

Well, heh,
heh! Been
years since
I've been this
close to a pin-
ball machine!
Used to play
'em all the
time when I
was a kid.

By Golly,
they sure do
make 'em fan-
cy nowadays!
Never saw any-
thing like this
in the old
neighbor
hood!

Doesn't
look too com-
plicated . . . Used
to be pretty good
on one of these
things. Yes, sir, I
guess I was the
pinball champion
of the block, heh,
heh! Thought I
was pretty big
potatoes.
Heh!

Let's see, now — you've got to get the ball through there, and *there*, and then that little thing . . . Oh, yes! Why, I guess I could give this thing a run for the money, all right.

I've got a little time . . .

K-chung!

ZAAP!

My goodness!
Let's see,
now . . . About
halfway back
ought to
do it . . .

There it
goes! That's
it —

A little
low and to
the left
this time,
sir.

Hmm. It seems to have
gone down that little hole,
there. Well . . . I'll give it
another whack. Guess that's
why you get five balls for
a nickel, eh? Heh, heh!

Here we go, now . . .
Here we go! Yessir, there's
the old champ! There's the old
winning touch! What do you
think of that, eh, heh, heh?

A little
high and
to the right,
I'm afraid.

Well,
we'll try it
again!

Oh, Mr.
Buckster,
there you are!
Gee, I waited,
and waited,
and . . .

Oh, ah, yes, of course . . .
Heh, heh — just harking back
to the days of my youth,
you might say. This won't
take a minute, my dear.

Well,
gee, it's
pretty close
to curtain
time . . .

Oh, there's plenty
of time — plenty of time, my
dear, heh, heh! Let's see, now . . .
Zowie! There it goes! There it
goes! Right through the little
thing, and down the alley, there,
and now it's bouncing off that
thingamajig, and —



Please, Mr.
Buckster — I don't
want to rush you . . .
I know its im-
portant to you.
But —

Important to me?
Heh, heh, my dear, you're
exaggerating just a bit. A matter
of some small pride, perhaps, but
important? Oh, no, heh, heh, if you'll
just wait one more moment —





All right,
now — it only
takes one. Come
on, now, one shot
is all it takes ... get
in there ... in there ...
that's right ... now, just
bounce off that thing over
there — that's it, that's
good — now, come on
down through that
little gate thing or
whatever it is — okay,
now bounce up and
— UP! UP, NOT
DOWN, YOU
STUPID —



I almost had it. You
know that? If it just
hadn't made that funny
little bounce, there.



I'll get
it this
time!



Here,
you,
gimme
some
more
nickels!

Yes, sir.
Right away,
sir!



Just another
few minutes,
my dear.



All right, now —
you're not going to
outsmart me
this time!

Here
we go, now
— one bounce,
two bounces,
three, four,
five — that's
fine, now

All right,
now the
next ball . . .
Fine, fine,
fine, fine! Oh,
boy, that
was a good
one!

O.K.,
now, all I
need is two
million more
points or
three specials
and a double
bounce off
the "Super"
bumper . . .

Ding!
Ding!

Yahoo! —
one hundred
thousand, two
hundred
thousand,
three hun—

That's
it, that's
one special,
two specials,
nine hundred
thousand,
here we go,
now —

O.K.,
I've still
got room to
make it —
here we go;
here we go
. . . right,
right —

That's
it, we're
up over a
million,
now — don't
stop; don't

Hey,
it's going
to do it — Okay,
now a double
bounce and — And
that's it!

That's —
I've got
it! I've
got it!
I —

Ding!
Ding!
Kchow!

Gong!

Woop!
Woop!

Ding!
Woop!

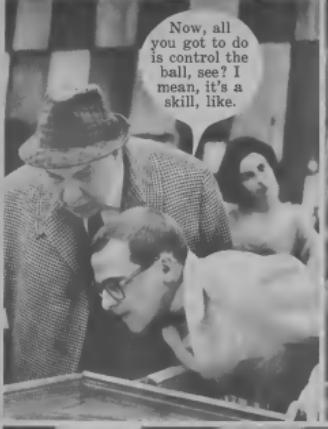
Gong!

Woop!
Woop!

Gong!
Buzz!

Ringa
Ding!





Now, all you got to do is control the ball, see? I mean, it's a skill, like.



Now, you pull this knob all the way back, see, and you let go, and it goes —



Now, what did it want to go into that little hole for?



All right, Gladys, I'll meet you at the Rego Park subway station in half an hour, and don't forget to bring my bowling shoes with you. That's right — we can try out that new alley right there. I've been dying to see it!



It's my turn now!



No, it's still my turn!



Mine!



Mine!

THE SKI WEEKEND

BY
WILLARD
MANUS

K. C. Townsend as Iris
Lamont Cranston as Stanley
Sally Mock as Donna
Jim Hampton as Hans



Photos from Ron Harris
Mountain from Mt. Snow, Inc.
Ski-full weekends, reasonable
Station wagon from Dodge
It goes in snow—
Flashy ski outfits from P&M Distributors, Inc.



Doesn't
the sight
of it get you
right here?

Excite-
ment?

No . . .
nausea.



Why couldn't
I be going
out with a
balletomane?
A bossa nova
fiend? A hi-fi
bug? Why a
skier?.

Let's strike a bargain.
Should you come to hate
skiing, I'll never ask you
away again. But you at
least have to give the
sport a fair try.

Agreed?



If my
Blue Cross
weren't paid
up, I'd say
no, Iris.

Hey wait . . .
don't leave
me!

Relax, darling. You'll
soon learn how to ski,
and then we'll have so much
fun together this
winter.



That's all right. No damage done. Not so long ago, I was in your very shoes. Impossible sport, isn't it?



I've been out exactly a minute
and a half and I'm already to quit.

You're
a man
after
my own
heart.



Come on now, I'll bet you're a hot shot
skier. You certainly look like a real pro.

Look, I'm here because the guy
I'm going with is crazy for the
sport. If I had my way, I'd spend
these mornings in bed with the
Sunday Times and an order
of lox and bagels.



Com-
rade!

Well . . . I'm
getting cold
standing around.
Lots of luck.



Yoohoo, Stan!
We're all set. Meet our
instructor . . . he's an
Austrian . . .



Hans Getzman, Olympic
medalwinner in downhill skiing,
Squaw Valley, 1960!

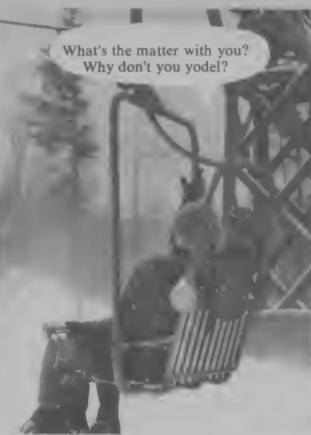
Stanley Glass,
All-Schoolyard, Bronx,
P.S. 96, 1943.



Come!
We go up the
mountain now!
It's time to ski —
to schuss with the
wind whistling
through our
hair. Yo-de-
le-hey-hoo!

Isn't
he cute!
And what
a skier!

Ah, this is *schön*, hah? *Zer schön!*
Like Austria. It makes you want to
yodel, no? *YO-DO-LO-LO-LEEEE!*



I'm
c-c-c-
cold.

Kalt? By God, if you think this is *kalt* you should
have been in Russia in the winter of '42. That, mein
friend was *kalt!* . . . All right, now we ski! You
first. Show me what you can do.



Very nice, but
maybe just a
little more
kniebeugen.
Bend in the
knees.





Bend!
Knees! Dig
edges in!



Not bad.
Not bad
at all.

Are you
all
right?

Where
am I . . .
wa' happen?



Up up!
Don't pamper
yourself! All
skiers fall.
Come, let us
go on! Ski
heil!



Dumkopf!
Turn your left ski
so! Now go! And
remember
kniebeugen!



Kniebeugen?



Stöcke!
Pole! Bend!



SCHNEEP
FLUG!





What me ski? Are you crazy? As far as I'm concerned skiing is for masochists and madmen. The best people at a ski resort are the non-skiers.





Look, Hanssy! . . . Backwards!
Can you do that, Hanssy?

I think so.

I should warn you.

I toured five years in Europe —

—skating with Sonja Heinie . . .

YO-DE-LE-HEY-HOO!
So what now? Maybe we want to race me at swimming?

I've got a five spot says I'll beat you!

Stan, you're acting like a child.

Why don't you relax, my friend. You will never beat me. I never lose at anything.

How about wars?



All right. Come on!
We race! Now! No
waiting! Donna will be
the starter.



On your mark . . . get
set . . . like GO!



So what now? Had enough?
Come. We all set down, hah?
Enjoy some *knödelsupe* . . . which our
friend here will pay for!



Ah,
the hot
knödelsupe
is gute —

Hey! What
is this?



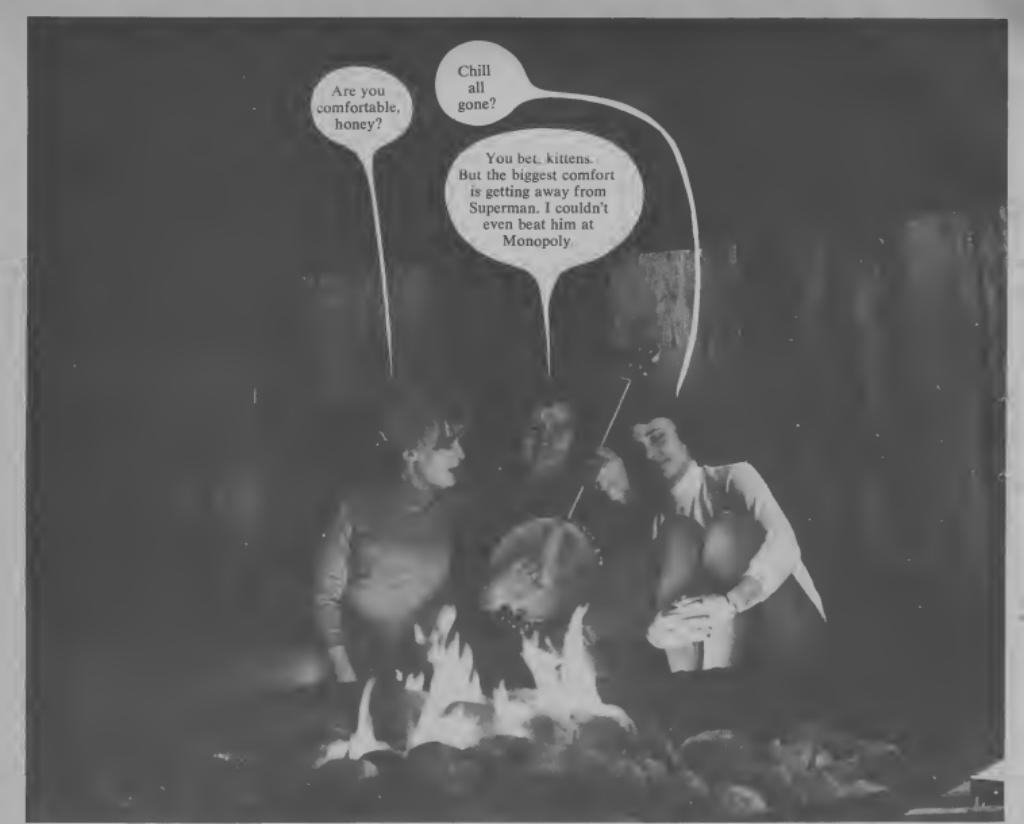
Bank
pays me
dividend
of \$50!

Building
loan
matures!

I TAKE
RIDE ON THE
READING!
COLLECT \$200!

I OWN
BOTH UTILITIES!
YOU OWE ME TEN
TIMES AMOUNT
SHOWN ON DICE!





Are you
comfortable,
honey?

Chill
all
gone?

You bet, kittens.
But the biggest comfort
is getting away from
Superman. I couldn't
even beat him at
Monopoly.



There are
other things in
life besides
Monopoly.

And speaking of
Monopoly . . . could you move over
Iris, and give me some
room.

I guess this
is what is known
as a moral
victory.

END



Muse (muz)

1. In Greek mythology,

any of the nine

goddesses who presided over literature and the arts and sciences; Calliope, Clio, Euterpe, Melpomene, Terpsichore, Erato, Polyhymnia, Urania, or Thalia; hence,

2. the spirit regarded as inspiring a poet or other artist. Or so Webster says, but we're not so sure. What with Ford grants, Action painting and the Peace

Corps, most of the muses must be by now working with the Rockettes. But suppose there was one muse on active duty, and she decided to fall by and inspire a poor but realistic artist. It might be about like the following action in:

'MUSE ME

BY ED FISHER

JANE MASON AS THE MUSE

REG' POLLACK AS THE ARTIST

RON HARRIS • PHOTOGRAPHER





A -
what?

A muse, pal.
Who do you think
inspires all you
bone-headed
artists?

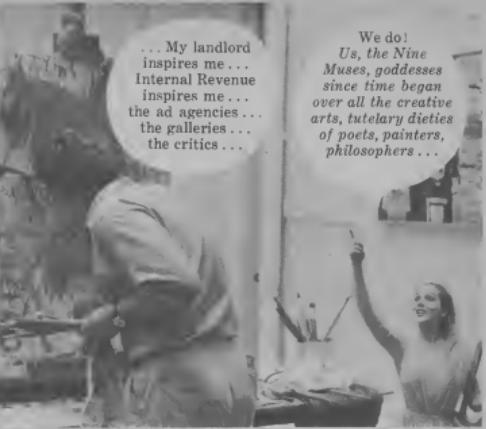
— and generally depicted as young, beautiful, modest virgins, fond of solitude, whose gifts of divine vision are bestowed only upon the most . . .

You've got
sisters? Big
sisters?

Yeah,
eight of them!
And we're all
supposed to be on
24-hour-a-day
duty at Lincoln
Square for the
Performing
Arts.

... before the Village was an O.K. place to live? . . . before LaGuardia made it safe to eat in French restaurants?

I used to
fade in on all the
boys — Glackens, Bellows,
Sloan . . . They knew how
to make a patron goddess
feel at home: the
instant I showed up,
they'd drop every-
thing and rush to
their easels . . .



I had to sneak out to visit
the old neighborhood — just for
a breath of unsupervised fresh air. I
used to hang out around here a lot in
the old Ash Can Schooldays.

Ash-
can days?
— you
mean like
before they
installed
inciner-
ators
?

You mean
— a gorgeous
dish like you
would slide up
to their rooms,
past the neigh-
bors and all —
and those guys
would start
painting?

Why, of
course. —
The effect of
the presence
of the muse on
the artist is
to inspire
utmost efforts
of . . .



I still
don't get it!
— Look, it
isn't that I
don't like
having a
muse around.
It just doesn't
do anything
to me.
Painting-
wise, any-
way ...



Oy! That I
should live to the
day that an artist
would say that
to me!



Don't
get me wrong
— I wish you could
help me! I've got a
real artistic challenge:
— an assignment from
Krutt and Schlock to
paint No. 73 in their
series of Great Mental
Ideas of Human Man.
I'm supposed to
illustrate P. T.
Barnum's immortal
phrase — you know
the one ...



— And I've
been trying
to formulate
in definitive
plastic terms
the concept of
'suckerness,'
'born-ness,'
even 'every
minuten-
ness' ...



I
don't want
to settle
for anything
slick or
shallow,
either.

This
is
Art?



Krutt and Schlock
are after me night and
day —



— bribing
threatening —



... but
none of that
matters —



It's
visual truth
I'm
after!

Honest, baby, if the deadline
weren't so close, and this problem
wasn't hanging over my mind, you
and I could really . . .

Deadlines?
Michelangelo
never complained
about meeting
deadlines!
Gaugin never —

They never tried to
force Visual Truth
on an agency like
Krutt and Schlock.
The art director up
there is an idiot . . .

So what?
Valesquez
worked
for the
Hapsburg
royal
family —
what do
you suppose
they were?
Sane?
DON'T
MAKE
EXCUSES.

Oh, now I see
it — THAT'S
how you inspired
those other guys —
by *yelling* at
them!

Certainly
not! You're the
first klunk
I've ever *had*
to lecture in
this childish
fashion.

All
right, so
give me
a break —
answer
the \$64
question —
How *did*
you inspire
those other
guys?

Why
— they
just
looked
at me.

LOOKED
at
you? —

All
I used to
do was
stand for
a second —

— in
front
of
Pharaoh's
artists . . .

— or
breeze
in
on the
Greeks
...





— Or
wet my
toes on a
September
Morn . . .

— Or take a
seat in Whistler's
parlor . . .

Ha! So it wasn't
his mother after
all!



So! Now! Doesn't
looking at me make YOU
want to paint me?

Oh, God!
Yes! I do! — only —
well, it wouldn't
be possible.
You see —

— I've abandoned The Figure
. . . years ago . . . as soon as I got out of Pratt
Institute. The school I belong to shuns represent
ation and expression. I'm a Neo-Subexpress-
ionist Tachist! — I couldn't compromise
my artistic ideals!

Oh! — If I can't
inspire you — it
means I'm a —
failure! . . .

This is the only thing
a Neo-Subexpressionist
Tachist can turn to for
ideas.

Maybe I'd
better have a shot,
too. It might
inspire me.

Atta
girl!
good
eh?

Great! Say, what is this stuff?
Dutch aquavit.
Have another splash.



Last time I touched this was with Vincent Van Gogh. Next thing I knew, he was painting my toes — and I was sculpting his ear!

Maybe now you'll come up with'n idea f'r inspiring us dedicated Neo-Sub-express-express— y'know ... us!

Wha kinda stuff did you Neo-whassis paint, any-(hic) how?

Textures, baby... roughness, smoothness, fuzziness... sickness ... the way things FEEL! — thus what 'Tachism' means, y'know ... paint by FEEL...

Y'mean like we're doin'? Y'know, I'm not absolutely sure I'm shposed to ... I mean, we're virgin goddess 'nall that ... got unwritten code.

I might get myself perm'nantly assigned to inspiring nothing but Bar-Muralists f'r this ...

LATER

Oh, my head. I'm so miserable!—the most gloriously inspiring night of my life and I DON'T REMEMBER A THING!

I've never been so mortified!

Of all the ways to misuse and abuse a MUSE! That was all you could think to do? Lecher!—

You might have used the opportunity to produce one of the masterpieces of Western Art; you might have — but what's the use!

I've learned the truth about you and it's horrible! ... YOU'RE NO ARTIST!

No true artist would have dared ... I'm sorry for you —

Mr. Watchamacallit-tachist!

Marvin. And now I have to get back to Lincoln Square. There's an awards ceremony starting any minute ... They're giving out the Honest Effort Merit Badge Fellowships, and I've ...

I am a pitiful object. Call me Marvin.

Maybe it's true! Maybe that's why I did it! A guy's gotta have some compensation.



*Ugg! Lincoln
Square!*

Forgive
me, Marvin!
I blew my stack
about last night.
I'm sorry! It was
wonderful!

Sure.
baby, sure.
Say! — how's
about fixing
us some
break-fast?

I
don't
know why
I waited
all these
cen-
turies

There's
always
a first
time for
every-
thing . . .

— guess
I was
too
overawed
by
talent...

Like
you
said,
no *true*
artist
would've
dared.
So how
could
you have
known?

Do you
think I
could get
a job as an
Airline
Hostess?

But
what
about your
commission
for Krutt
and Schlock?
I could
do
Saturday
Evening
Post
covers.

You're
such a
Philistine,
darling!

Life
comes
before
Art.



a story by Algis Budrys

ORSON BEAN

★ COMEDIAN ACTOR AND NOTED ★
NON-SUBURBANITE
STARS AS

GERALD

IN
**GERALD & DARLING WHAT'S HER
NAME AT THE SHOPPING CENTER**

WITH
ANN HARRIS NONA CANDLER
AS **GERALD** AS **SALLY**

In thousands of American suburbs, there are dozens of shopping centers with thousands of cars in their parking lots and millions of suburban couples on their credit plans. And what happens? We'll show you what happens...





Ooh yes! I
can't believe it's
been two weeks
since the
wedding.

Hmm – lots
of cars
here, aren't
there?



Ooh darling,
I love you! I'm
going to go to the
department store
and buy lots
and lots of
pretty
clothes.

Ooh Sally darling! I love *you*! I'm going to the hardware store and buy lots and lots of lawn seed and fencing and a power mower and - mmff!



Bye bye
darling! I'll meet
you here, honey!

Bye, bye, honey!
I'll meet you right
here, darling!



Gosh, I
hope Sally dar-
ling hasn't been
waiting too long. I'd
better get all this
loaded into
the car.



Let's see now . . . or was it
was aisle AA, aisle CC,
Space C, . . . Space A?

Aisle
4,
Section
ZZ?



There she is! Yoo
hoo, Sally, honey!



Ooh,
honey! I
thought I'd
lost you.



Mmff!
Ooh,
Honey!



Ooh Sally darling, boy did
we get a lot of stuff today!



Charles?

Well for
gosh sakes!



Golly!

Gee!
Imagine
that!
Heh
heh!

You thought I was
your wife and I thought
you were my husband!
Isn't that silly?

Same
kind
of
car.
Well,
I guess
it was a
natural
mistake.



Gee — imagine
that! I'd better
get this stuff
out of here
before the
owner comes
back. I'd better
find Sally.

Golly —
It all looks
the same every-
place! I can't
tell one car
from another.
I'd better
find Charles.



Well —
bye bye.

Bye! It was
nice meeting you
— I'm sure.



Ooh!
Darling.
Honey,
Precious!
Mmff!

Mmff!



Gee whiz.



Honey. Hey, Honey!
Gee whiz, I just met the
nicest person, and —



Ooh,
Charles
sweetie.

Charles?



There
she
is. Say
listen —
why don't
you people
drop over
for cards
some
time.

Thanks. We'd love
to. There he is! Yoo
hoo Charles! Charles has
the Gasper Cigarette
account for Holler
Holler and Groan.

Bye,
now
Ger
ald!
Be
see-
ing
you!

Ooh,
Charles...
Ooh!



Gee.



Say,
whose car
is this
one?



I don't
know. The keys
seem to be
in it...



I
guess
so...



Yes - a lot.
Lots of people
come here,
I guess.

Lots of young couples moving to the suburbs, all right.

You bet!



This is
a funny
situation,
isn't it?



It sure
is. Gee, I'll
bet you could
look for one
particular
person for
hours!



Well...

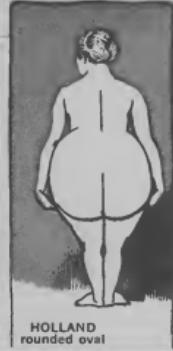
Well...



Boy, Gloria,
you sure can spend
a lot of money in
one of these places.

Well
Gerald,
Honey. They've
got it all organ-
ized to make
you do that,
I guess.

A SIMPLE METHOD, CLEAR AND RAPID FOR CALCULATING FEMALE NATIONALITY BY GEOMETRY



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ON THE CONEY

a daring screenplay by Ed Fisher

The subject matter of this new screenplay is so *terrifying* — and so *daring* — that no one will be allowed to look at the final page until he has faithfully read through the first six pages. (Just to make sure, we've left it out of the magazine. It will be *mailed* to you on receipt of a written synopsis proving to us that you've read and understood everything leading up to it!)

Our tale begins simply and innocently enough . . . on a sleepy summer afternoon, along a quiet strip of beach, not far from
New York City . . .





Guess
who?

Hi, honey.
Back from
town so
soon?



Okay,
look now.
How do
you like
it?

Wow!
Sophie,
you're a
— knock-
out!



Everything's
so heavenly, now,
with the whole
beach to ourselves.
Simply heavenly.

Well, yes.
Coney Island
used to be so
damn crowded.



Got a
surprise to
show you.

Mm!
I won't
look
till you
tell me.



I never
saw you like
this before,
Sophie. You're
sensational!

I've
always
wanted to
wear a bikini.
But I never
had the
nerve —



Tif-
fany's! Oh,
Arthur,
you're so
sweet.

I got
a little
surprise for
you, too,
in town
today.



Well, we
can afford the
best now,
I guess,
can't we?



Naughty, naughty.
We stay here, till
sundown. Remember?

Mmm!
We certainly
can. Let's go to
Le Pavillon.
Right
now.



Oh,
pooh!
You and
your
silly
radio
fad.

Now, now, snooky. We stay here. I thought
you *liked* being here with me, listening to the radio.



But day
after day!
When are
you going to
give it up,
Arthur?

I got a new
set today. Picked
it up at Abercrombie
& Fitch. Super short-
wave. Even better
than my old Tele-
funken R4- double-0,
and the Strom-
berg J7.

I think
it's silly.
You never *get*
anything
on any of
them.



Anyway, I don't like the Pavillon
any more. It's so big and empty, these
days. Creepy, sort of.

Well,
get me
a hot dog,
then.



Where? Nathan's is closed, remember? The Gaiety is closed.
Surf Avenue is closed. Closed, closed, closed! Remember?

Darling,
darling; please . . .
don't get upset.

... Times Square, empty . . .
Macy's, deserted . . . WQXR,
silent . . .

You
mustn't *think*
about it,
Arthur!



No.
I like it.
I like
us being the
only two
left . . .

Don't say it, Sophie!
Don't! It can't be true.
We can't be the only
ones left . . .



No! Commander
Gregory Pesk is alive!
I know it. He's got
to be. I got his radio
signal from Copenhagen,
didn't I? Didn't I?



I like
it this
way.
I never
had nerve
to wear
a bikini
on the
beach
before.



You — you
don't feel funny
here? On a
hot Sunday — in
Coney Island —
alone?

But we are, dear.
The only two human beings
who survived the . . .



But, Arthur,
that was weeks ago.
Before you even
found me.



Remember
how weak and sick
you were? Maybe you
just imagined it? . . .

I
heard him.
I know
I heard him
. . . From
Copenhagen . . .
on Conel-
rad . . .



... He said he was setting out by submarine ... that he was going to land here ...

You dreamed it, Arthur. You were delirious ...

Anyhow, what do we want with this Commander Gregory Pesk? We've got each other.



But — another human being, Sophie — don't you see — it would mean that the whole fabric of society hadn't totally disappeared ...



Listen, lame-brain: the minute you've got what you call "society" back you've got trouble again! Jealousy. Greed. Wars.

I tell you it's better this way. Believe me! We're better off without this Commander Pesk around.



But Sophie — another human being ...

Hasn't this poor world had enough? Look what the bomb did! Do you want it to happen again?



That's why I — haven't let you — let you — Don't you see? I don't want to start it all over again. That's why I haven't let you ...

Oh, God! So that's why you haven't ever let me — let me — Oh, God! God! ...



Sophie, mankind isn't as evil as you think. Some of us are brought up to do violence ... to do evil. But it needn't be always the case. Not if we start them off right.

Start who off right?



The new
race of
mankind!
Yours and
mine.
Sophie —

Arthur,
you're
hurting
me.



Please, Sophie. Don't be afraid. You and I — we survived
the bomb. It must have been for a reason . . .

No, Arthur.
No . . .



It must have been because we
were put here to *do* something . . .

But
not this,
Arthur; no.
Believe
me . . .



Then why
did you wear
the bikini
today . . . You
must have known
what we had to do.
Sophie, don't fight it.
Cast away your
evil fears . . .
doubts . . .
bikini . . .



Wait,
Arthur. I
heard some-
thing . . .

A
sea
gull . . .



No. Look.
Something's coming out
of the water.

Where?



A man!
- In Navy dungarees . . .

It's Commander
Gregory Pesk! Commander
Gregory Pesk!



It must be him.
Hi! Here we are,
sir!

- But,
it can't
be . . .



Commander
Pesk! Thank
God. You
made it.
Safe.

- It
can't
be . . .



Okay, bud. Move
aside. I'm takin'
the squaw.



Three's
a crowd in
these *intime*
situations,
chump. So
blow.

I
warned
you,
Arthur.

Yeh. You
warned
me. . .

But
luck-
ily —

— no
one
warned —

— him!



You were
right, Sophie
Society does
breed evil among
mankind — the
old mankind.



But the
new man-
kind is going
to start off
clean, fresh,
pure — we'll teach
them from the
cradle that vio-
lence is the one
unpardonable
sin — we'll nurture
them in the
ways of love
and gentle-
ness . . .

But,
Arthur —

So that
the world
will be peopled
with men of
good-will!

Not monsters like
Commander Pesk! . . .



But,
Arthur,
I'm trying to
tell you . . .

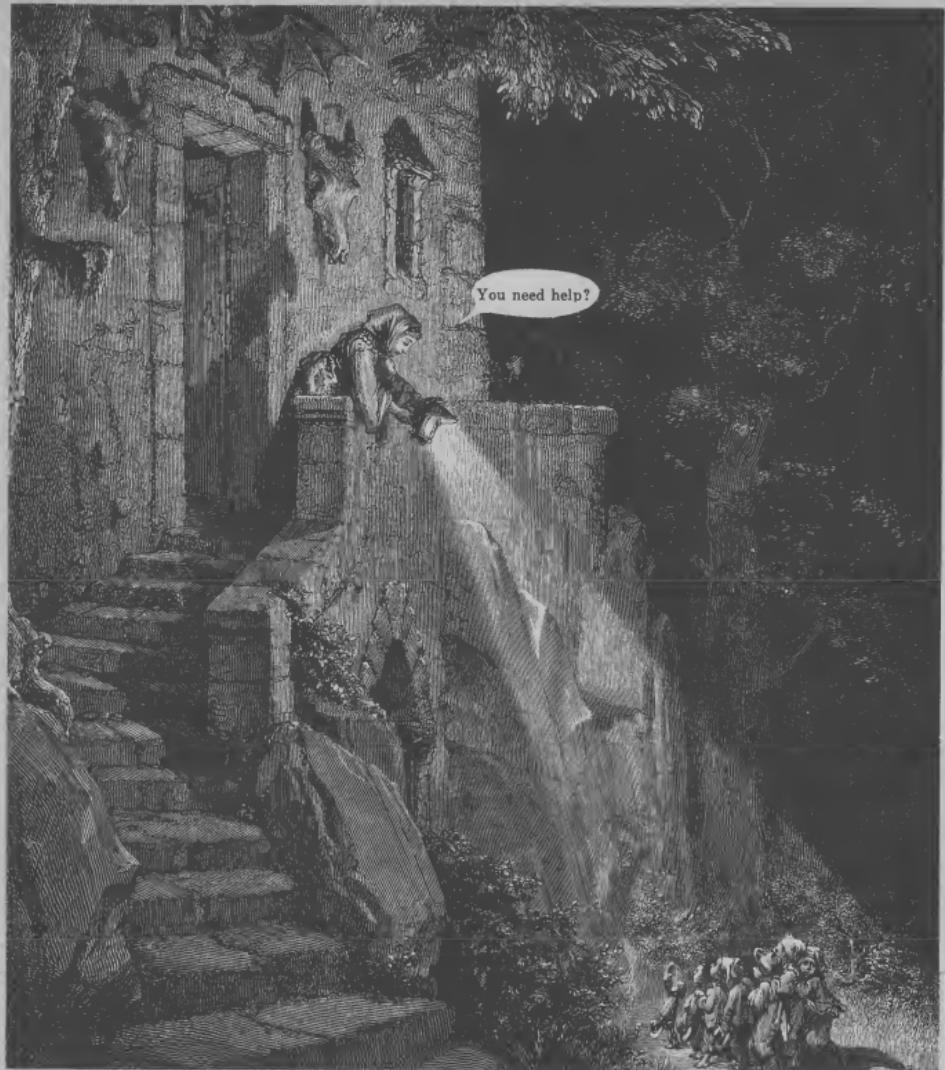


That *isn't* Com-
mander Pesk. That's
just Ensign Lippowitz. I
thought I ditched him
in Copenhagen . . .

— Where I'd gone
to have an . . . an . . .
operation. Oh, Arthur,
darling! — we can't start a
new race of mankind.
You see —

— I'm
Commander
Gregory
Pesk!

END



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Ah, Sweetbrain College . . . those halls of Ivy, the fount from which all wisdom flows, mother of educated womanhood. If we could but look in upon that peaceful, scholarly scene behind your fashionable walls. Just for the fun of it, let's take a peek . . . in IGNORANCE IS BLISS or

WRITTEN BY DAVE SHABER
CAST
Barbara Nessim as.....Cynthia
Jim Hampton as.....Ashley
Gayle Shepherd as.....Miss Snipe
Jim Elting as.....Mr. Filcher

Life in a Women's Dormitory

That's right, Mr. Filcher.
Just tell the taxi-driver
down there at the station to bring
you up to the College,
and then ask for me.



... And I'm anxious to meet you too,
Mr. Filcher. Speaking as Cynthia's house
mother, I can't tell you what it means to
us here at Sweetbrain to see the father
of one of our girls take such
interest in her progress.



And of course I don't have to tell you how much Cynthia is looking forward to your visit. I can hear the excitement in her room upstairs right now while she gets ready—

Dammit Ashley! Now wait a minute! This damned dress cost 125 bucks, and I'm not going to have you ripping the zipper off with those eager boola-boola meathooks of yours.



I tell you, it's no use. The damned bottle is too big.

Maybe I could borrow a pair of pliers from one of the other kids on the floor ...



Wait a minute Ashley. The zipper won't close ...

She wants everything to be just so for you. Such a sweet child—and so sensitive, so sensitive and fragile ...



It just won't fit this way.

If I could just get some leverage ...

Just hold it there, Buster. It may come as a shock to you, but you're not supposed to be in this dorm in the first place, let alone borrowing tools. to get me and a bottle of Scotch in the same dress.



I'll take
care of the
booze.

If that old bag of a housemother
saw you up here, she'd keel over.

There.
Now hurry up
and get your tie
on, Tarzan.

Why all
the rush? The
dance doesn't
start for
hours yet!

Because, my
Daddy will be
here any minute,
and I don't want
him to think I go
to school in the
Yale locker room.
Which reminds me
.. kick those empty
beer cans under
the bed, willya?
And here—

What's
this?

A place for
everything and
everything in
its place.

I
need
this
teapot.

The Benzedrine
goes in the
cocoa tin—

And the
Dexedrine in the
peanut butter
jar.

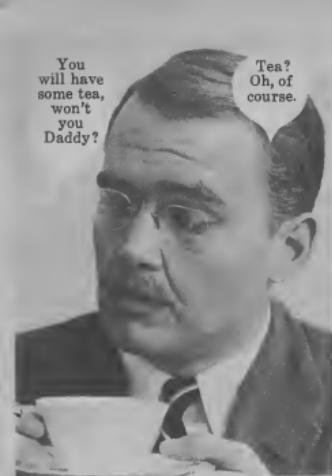
Come on,
get busy while
I try to find
that souvenir
from last week's
geology field
trip.

You mean
this one marked
Shady Nook
Motel?



You're not going to cover up all that meat and potatoes?

Oh, Ashley, sometimes you can be such a clod. If my old man ever learned the truth about me his teeth would fall out. He's so sweet and square, I don't dare shatter his illusions about me. I can't stand tea, but *Little Women* and tea is what he expects and that's what he is going to get.



You will have some tea, won't you Daddy?

Tea? Oh, of course.



I never drink anything else because I know you love it so.



Well, how's school?

Well, I only really have time to work, of course, but it's a dreamy place!



That's dandy. Have you finished Little Women yet?

Almost. I just love it, don't you?



Oh yes. Marvelous.

I hope your tea isn't too strong.



Oh, no no. It's just right.

But you're not drinking it.



I'm not? Well, as a matter of fact, I think I'd better run. I'm thrilled to see that you're doing so well here at Sweethbrain and that you're still my sweet little girl.

Oh Daddy. I live for your visits.



Yes, it's been grand. Now you have your little dance to go to and I'd better not keep Miss Snipe waiting.

Well, I just don't know what I'd do if we couldn't have these heart-to-hearts the way we do.



I just tell you everything.

That's my girl. Well-ta-ta!

Ashley? Ashley, where are you?



Ah, Miss Snipe, I have what may seem to be an unusual request.



Well, Cynthia is an unusual child, Mr. Filcher—So sensitive and fragile . . .

Par'n me, but isn't this the Beta House?

Ashley! We promised to go divvies on the Scotch!



Well, Miss Snipe, this doesn't exactly concern Cynthia. That is, not directly, the fact is, Miss Snipe, that I think I could discuss Cynthia more energetically if we could continue our conference over something more—ah—stimulating? —than tea. I thought we might repair to some respectable snuggerie.

A housemother of Sweetbrain College to imbibe in a local tavern! I should think that a man like Eggleston Filcher . . .

... the third.

... the third would understand that. And if Cynthia should see us? Think of that innocent child and her illusions.



I understand.

I can't go on with this any longer. Look, Miss Snipe, you may as well know it now. I'm not the man Cynthia thinks I am. In fact, I'm everything she thinks I'm not. You don't know what it's cost me to preserve her illusions. She thinks I don't drink or smoke—she thinks I'm dead. It's already aged me twenty years. You don't know what I've been through.

You
do?
Why—
Miss
Snipe—
I hardly
recognize
you
without
your
glasses.

The truth is, Mr. Filcher, I have a confession to make, too. I only wear them to look older. I was afraid the parents would think I was too young.

Well,
of course,
I have always
felt it takes
a younger woman
to really in-
stinctively feel
a young girl's
problems.

You
do
? Oh
instinctive-
ly,
Instinctive-
ly.

Call me
Ethel. There.
Now we can really
devote our attention
to Cynthia.

Oh yes, our attention to Cynthia.

Of course,
we'll have to
work closely
together to see
that a sensitive
child like Cyn-
thia preserves
her illusions
about you.

I'm afraid that
will mean several
conferences here.
—Water?

Just
a
drop.

I suppose
I'll just have to
manage the time
somehow won't I?
For Cynthia's sake
of course.

—Yes . . . look
how sweet and
untouched
they are.

Ashley . . .
don't move or
I'll fall over.

I was just thinking of
poor Daddy in there with Miss
Snipe. He's so sweet and pure. I
guess that's why I love him. Because
he's so different from me.



Oh
Mr.
Fil-
cher!

It's so seldom
I meet a parent who
really takes an interest
in the child. She will
never know the sacrifices
you are making to
preserve her sweet
illusion of youth.

It's
the least
a
parent
can
do.



a star is born

Starring JACK CARTER

Written by David Shaber

Take a girl . . . young, beautiful, ambitious (Jane Mason) with two roommates . . . young, beautiful, cynical (Gloria Dean and Elaine Wallace). Add a producer . . . talented, affluent, human. Throw in a casting couch . . . mix well and . . .

What do you mean, my turn?

Wasn't I the one who had to convince her that no agent wanted to see her at 3 A.M. to show her his rock collection?

What's she doing now?

Going over her lines — the poor thing. She thinks he's actually going to read her for the part. The next time we take a roommate from Sioux City ...

And in half an hour our little fly enters the web of Mr. J. Hamilton Fink.

Well, some body's got to tell her.

Which way do you kids think I should hold my hands when I say, "Oh, Clarence, now I see my destiny ... "

Try it this way.

No, you don't understand. It's the Nun's part I'm reading for. In "I Moved to York Avenue and Found God." Think of it — my first Broadway reading!

Imogene, haven't you heard about J. Hamilton Fink?

Of course I have. Mr. Fink is one of the most eminent producers on Broadway. He is a true man of the theatre.

We'll both tell her.

Tell me what?

Imogene, I don't know how to say this —



Brenda, you can speak frankly.
I'm very broad minded.

Mr. Fink
is broad-
minded, too.
That's just the
trouble. Look,
Imogene, you've
heard about
the birds and
the bees?

Well,
you ought
to know what
kind of a
bird Fink is.
He eats girls
like you for
breakfast —

And
spits them
out for
lunch.

Brenda — Mildred —
are you trying to
tell me that Mr. Fink
might — well, might
actually get —
F-R-E-S-H?

Bren,
I think
we're
getting
through.

Brenda, I feel
sorry for you. You've
lost sight of the true
nobility of the theatre.
Any man who could produce
a play like "I Moved to York
Avenue and Found Love" —
a sensitive play about a
woman of ill repute who
sees the light and takes
religious orders in Act III
— such a man has to be
above reproach. How
can you even mention
his name and such
a vile act in the
same breath?

I lost my head.

— Real Iowa clover,
to remind me of my
roots, to keep me in
contact with real
people —

Save it
for the
audition.

Besides, what can happen
to me while I'm wearing my
lucky charm. A tuft of real Iowa
clover. See, I've pinned it next
to my heart.

If he gets that
far, you'll need
more than luck.

Brenda, sometimes
I'm afraid that life in
the city is affecting your
sweet, unspoiled nature.
Wish me luck.





Logan: Sweet of him to send me that personally inscribed picture, don't you think? Have a seat. Put your feet up. Alfred and Lynne always say, Jerry — they call me Jerry — we think a hundred per cent better with our feet up. A hundred per cent better





Right under here.

I don't believe you.

See? What do you say to that?

It's inspiring.

Then you won't give up?

Maybe not — if you'll help me.



My roommates.

Do they want an
audition, too?



I knew they were wrong. There are still *some* ideals left in the theatre!

END

KISSES
starring
Dawn
Nickerson
of the hit
Broadway
musical,
"Do Re Mi"
in
A Kissie
Passionelle!

HELP!
magazine's
own
exclusive
brand
of
cheesecake...

Unlike
any
other
magazine...

You not
only
see...

You not only
think...

You participate!





